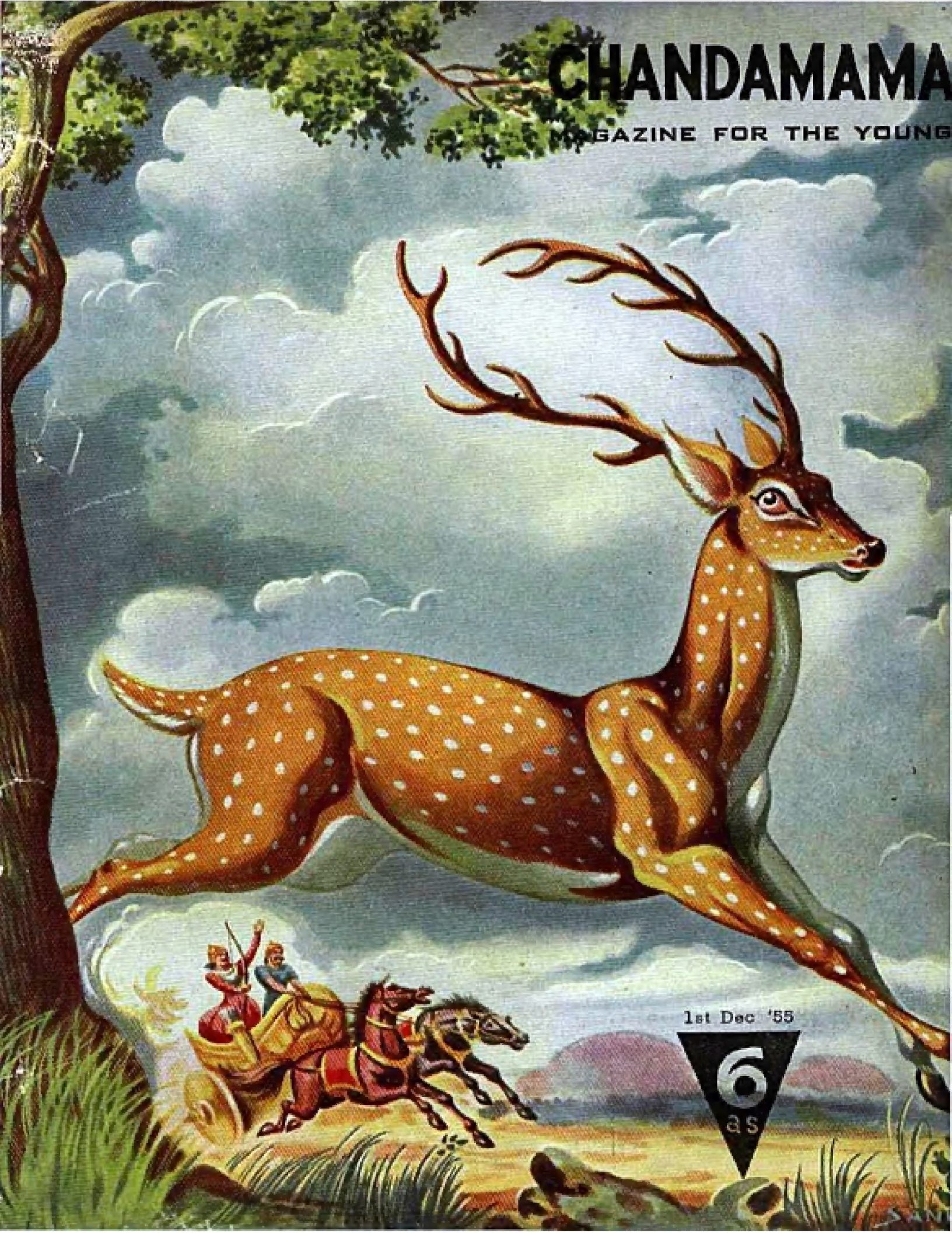


CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



1st Dec '55

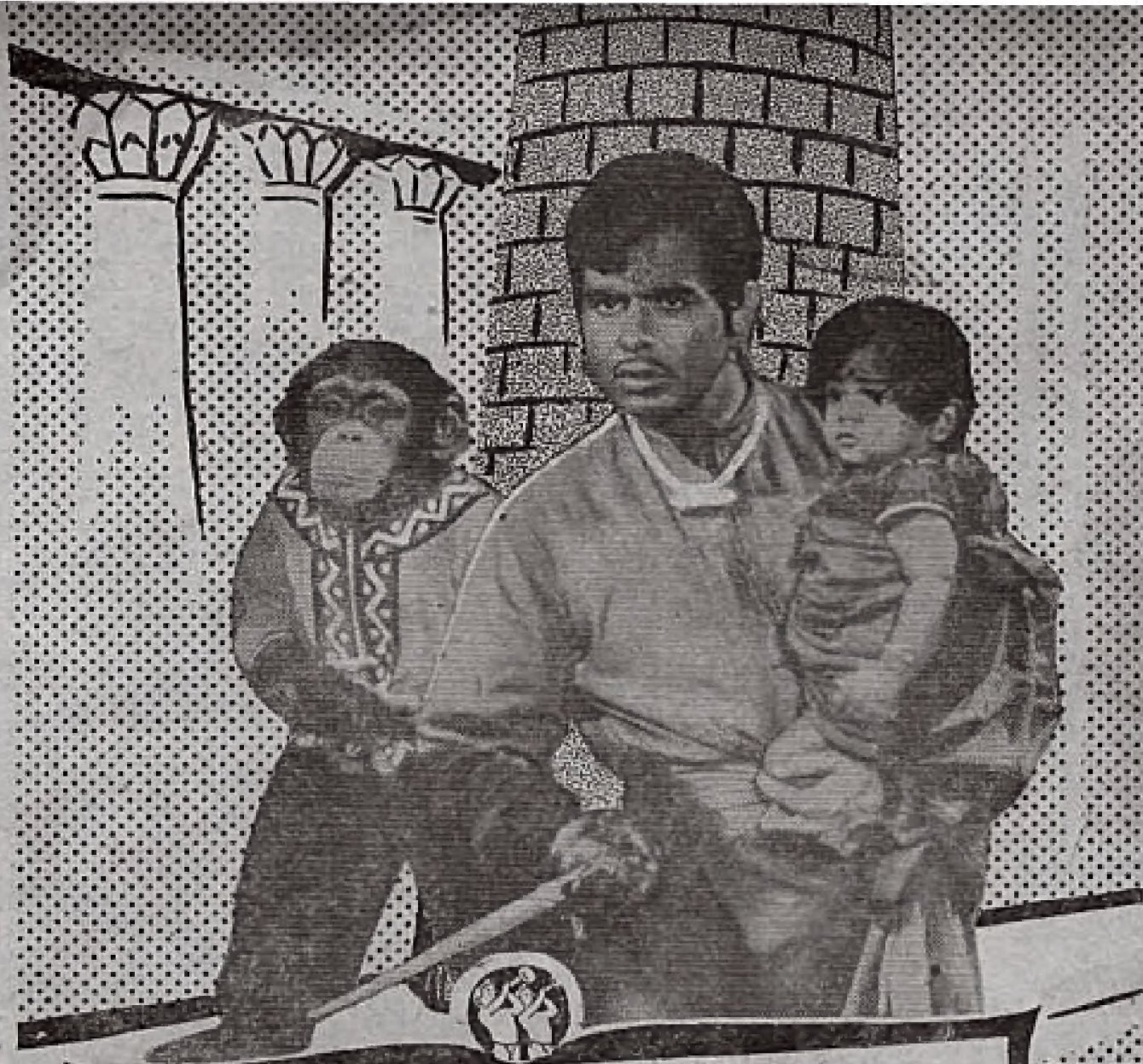




Winning
Caption

“ DEAR, BE QUICK ”

Contributed by
Miss Kamini Shastri, Bombay



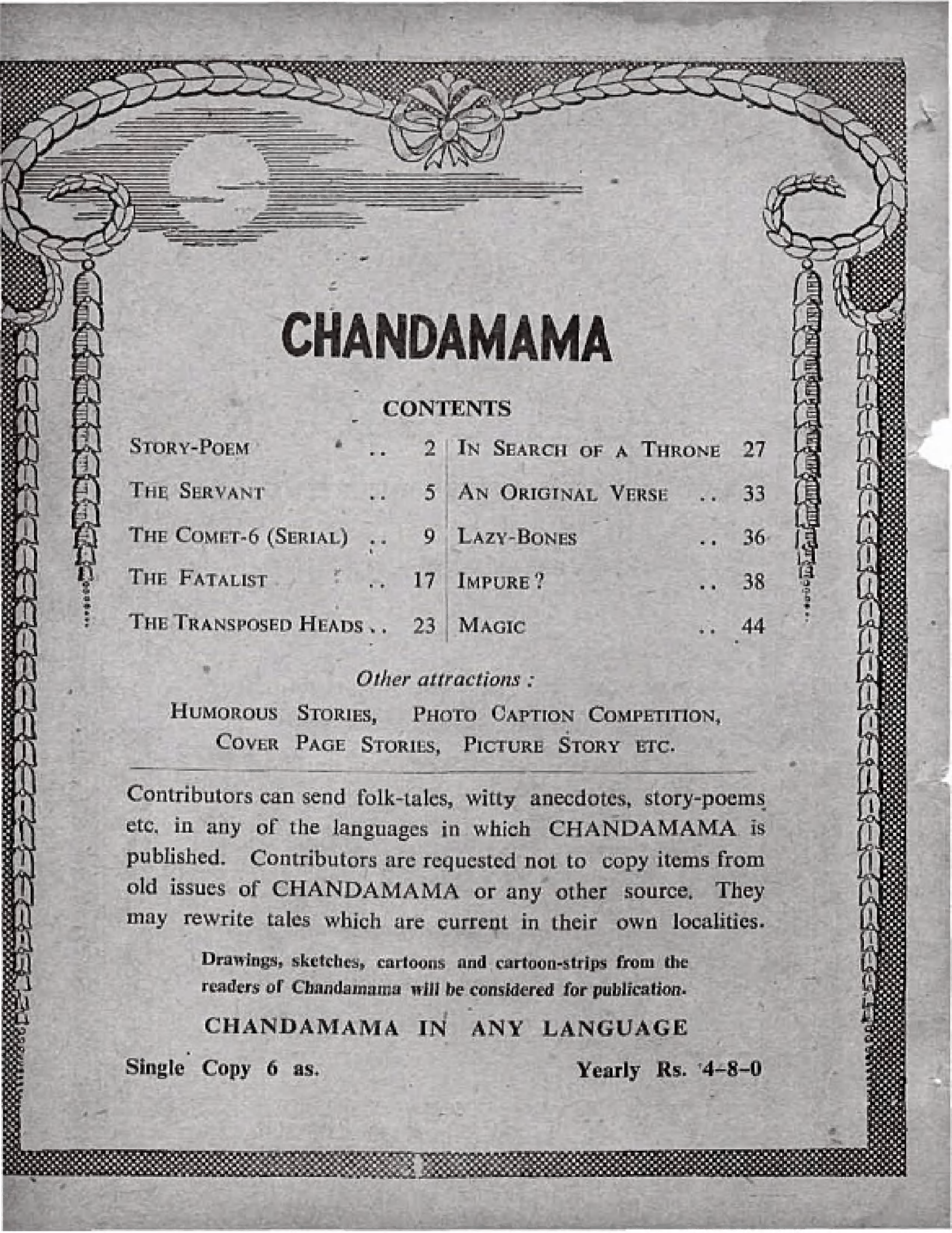
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CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: CHAKRAPANI

AMBITION is not an evil thing if arrogance does not follow its achievement. When people of low origin attain their ends by false means they are apt to assume airs to cover up their unworthiness.

Katahak is a servant. He is well-educated. There is nothing wrong in his trying to achieve a status that befits his education. But he resorts to forgery and deception. He impersonates his master's son and marries the daughter of a rich man. He begins to put on airs of which he is quite unworthy. Bodhisatva forgives him his crimes but punishes him for his false airs.

DECEMBER
1955

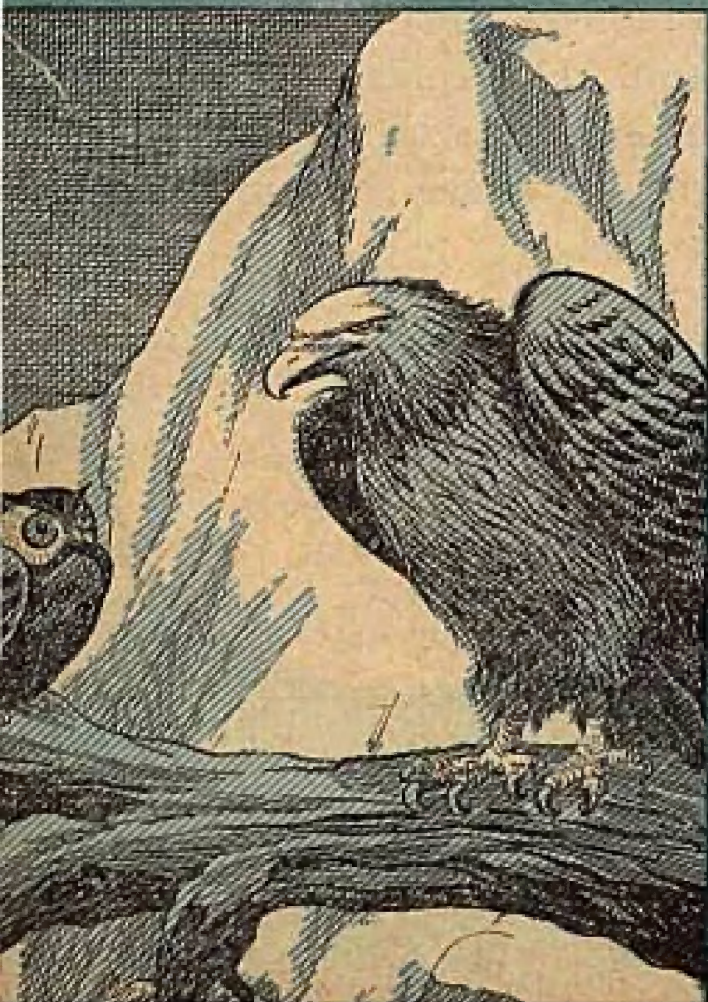


VOL. I
NO. 6

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL

*The eagle and the owl
Ceased their strife
And without a fuss
Made friends for life.*

*Each swore to spare
The other's young ones:
"Do you know mine?"
Asked the owl, the dunce.
"Describe them, please,"
The eagle said,*



*"Enabling me
To know thy breed."*

*"My babes," said the owl,
"Have gentle ways;
They are full of charm,
They are full of grace!"*

*"So fine, so sweet,
Unparalleled
For sheer beauty
In all the world!"*

*The pact was made.
The owl went home*





Story Poem

*He ate them all
And went his way.*

*The owl returning
Found her sweet
Young family gone!
He shouted, "Cheat!"*

*But who is to blame?
The Owl's falsehood
Without a doubt
Cost him his brood.*

*And told her babes
"You're free from harm."*

*Next day the eagle
In search of food,
Found his friend the owl's
Hideous brood.*

*"Are these my crony's
Children? No!
He said they are fine;
These are ugly! So!*

*"I'll eat them then
Without delay."*



THE FRONT COVER

KING Parikshit who married Sobhana, the Frog Princess, had two sons by her. They were named Shal and Dal. When the king became old he crowned Shal king and spent the rest of his days in penance.

One day Shal went to the forest to hunt wild creatures. He saw a stag and chased it. The king's horses could not keep pace with the stag and soon they were completely tired out.

Shal's charioteer informed him that Vama-dev the hermit had excellent horses. So the king went to the hermitage and borrowed a couple of horses. The hermit laid a condition that the king should return the horses after the hunt.

Shal continued the hunt with the help of the hermit's horses. But after the hunt he took the horses away with him instead of returning them to their owner.

After a month Vama-dev sent one of his disciples to get the horses back but Shal refused to part with the horses.

Thereupon, Vama-dev came in person to ask for the return of the horses. "You can have another pair of horses if you want," Shal told him. "I shall not return *your* horses. I want them."

Vama-dev got furious and invoked some demons who promptly put Shal to death. Dal, the younger brother, wanted to avenge his brother's death. He set an arrow to his bow and aimed at the hermit. "May it hit your own child!" the hermit cursed him. And so it did. When Dal let the arrow fly it went and hit his own son playing inside the palace grounds.

Dal, who was mad with rage, aimed another arrow at the hermit, but his hand was paralysed in that position.

Then Dal's wife fell at the feet of the hermit and begged him to spare her husband's life. She promised to return the horses to the hermit. The hermit relented and brought her son back to life, and spared her husband. Then he departed with his horses to his hermitage.



THE SERVANT

WHILE Brahma-dutt was ruling Banaras, Bodhisatva was born as a rich man. He married at the proper age, and had a son in course of time. On the very day his son was born, Bodhisatva's servant-woman too gave birth to a son who was named Katahak.

Both the boys grew up together. But the one was the son of a rich man while the other, Katahak, was the son of a servant. When the rich man's son went to school Katahak followed him carrying his slate and books. At school Katahak learnt what all the rich boy was taught.

In the end Katahak was recognised as a scholar and a knowledgeable person and yet he remained only a servant, in

charge of his master's store and cash. He did not like his condition. He wanted a status that was in keeping with his learning. He thought of a plan to attain such a status.

A millionaire, who was a great friend of Bodhisatva, was living in Pratyant some miles away from Banaras. Katahak forged a letter from Bodhisatva to this gentleman. "I am sending my son to you," he wrote. "I have come to the conclusion that we should become related through the marriage of our children. I desire that you marry your daughter to my son and keep him with you. I shall have the honour of meeting you as soon as I can find time to make the journey."



And yet he used to curse the people of Pratyant every day. "These people are so crude!" he would say in disgust. "They do not know how to dress, or how to eat properly. I've never seen such stupidity anywhere!"

Meanwhile Bodhisatva found Katahak missing. No one seemed to know what happened to him. So he sent his men in all directions to find out the whereabouts of Katahak. One of them went to Pratyant, and found Katahak living with the millionaire as his son-in-law and pretending to be the son of Bodhisatva.

To this letter, Katahak put the seal of his master. He took some money from his master's treasury and journeyed to Pratyant. Then he went to the millionaire's house and handed the forged letter to him. The millionaire was overjoyed at the offer made by his respected friend and married his daughter to Katahak at once.

Now Katahak was no longer a servant. He had numberless servants to attend upon him. He had no end of good dresses, feasts and all conceivable luxuries.

Having heard these details Bodhisatva was deeply hurt. He started for Pratyant to bring back Katahak. Katahak was very much shaken with fear by the news that his master was arriving. His first idea was to run away but he abandoned it since he had nothing to gain and everything to lose by running away. Confessing his crime and obtaining the pardon of his master was the only way left for him to get out of trouble.



Katahak did not suspect that Bodhisatva already knew all about him. He thought that it would be better that his master learnt the facts through him first.

He would confess everything and beg his pardon. Naturally he would have to play the part of the servant and, seeing this, others should not be surprised. So he told his servants in advance, "I'm not like other fellows. I respect my father immensely. When he sits at table I fan him and serve him respectfully."

Next, Katahak told his father-in-law, "My father is coming. I want to receive him on the way." Then he went forth, and met Bodhisatva on the way. He fell at the feet of his master, confessed what all he did, and begged for mercy. Bodhisatva promised not to betray him and both of them arrived at the house of the millionaire.

The millionaire was very glad to see Bodhisatva. "According to your wish, sir," he said, "I've given my daughter in marriage to your son."



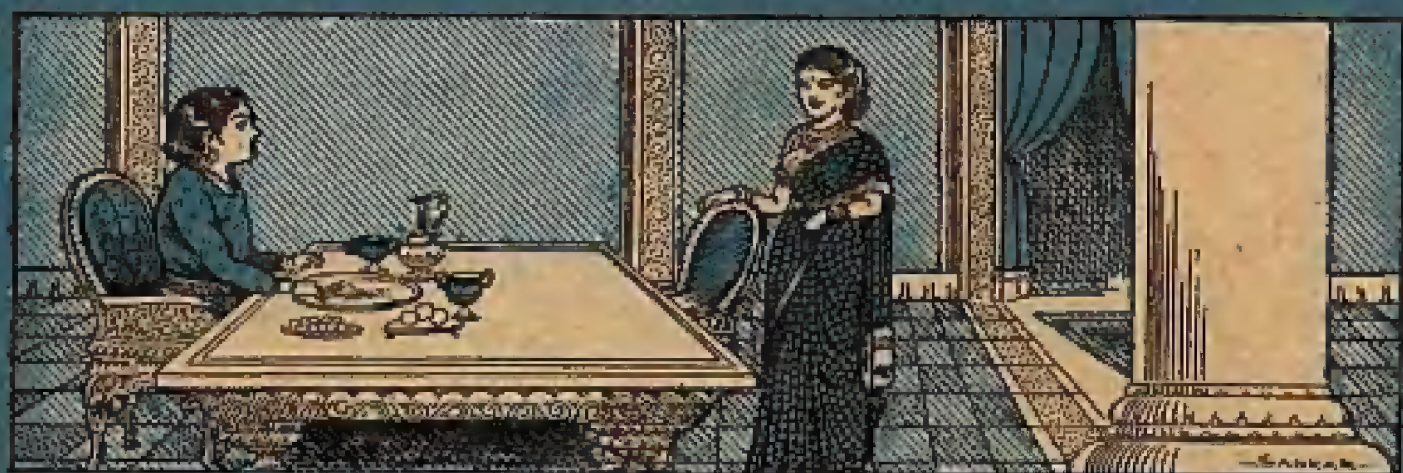
Bodhisatva pretended to be gratified. He talked to Katahak as to his own son. Then he met Katahak's wife alone and asked her, "Child, does my son make you happy?"

"He is quite nice in all respects," the girl replied, "except that he disapproves of everything that is set for his meal. I've tried all sorts of dishes, but nothing seems to please him. I really don't know what to do about it."

"Oh, yes," Bodhisatva said to her, "he is that sort of boy. But I advise you to do one thing. When he criticises his food remind him about Katahak, a fellow who is nobody in his own place but is treated like a lord where he is not known. This

Katahak indulges in abuse instead of enjoying what he gets."

After Bodhisatva's departure for Banaras, Katahak began to feel that his position was absolutely secure. Bodhisatva pardoned him, and he had no fear of anyone else. So Katahak began to swear and abuse worse than ever. Particularly at meals he began to curse each and every dish. His wife remembered the advice of Bodhisatva, and reminded her husband about Katahak. Of course she never knew that Katahak was her own husband since he assumed another name. But the effect on Katahak was magical. He became a lamb and never raised his voice again in criticism of this, that or the other.





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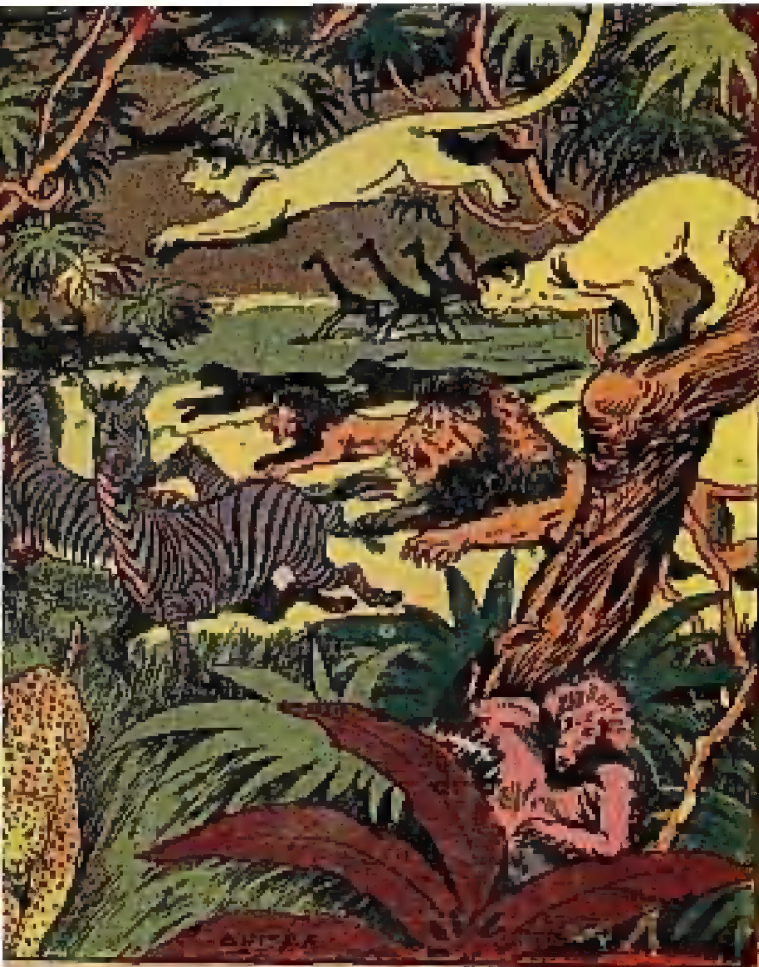
(Samarsen and his men who got lost on the Isle of Sorcery met both the sorcerers, One-eye and Four-eyes. They gave up all hope of finding any wealth on the isle. Even their attempts to reach their ships were beset with obstacles. The latest was an erupting volcano.)

BRIGHT sparks shot into the sky from the mouth of the volcano reminding Samarsen of the comet which seemed to have put a curse on his adventure.

As ill luck would have it the volcano erupted right across their path to the ships and they were forced to seek another path. Samarsen turned right back and the frightened men dumbly fol-

lowed their commander. Their ships were in the east and they were going west. But they could not help it. East was sealed to them by terrible creatures, sorcerers and now the violent volcano.

The earth was still shivering on account of the eruption while the entire sky was filled with smoke. Samarsen felt that very soon there might be a severe earthquake.



"This is not only the Isle of Sorcery but also the Isle of Volcanoes and Earthquakes!" he said heaving a sigh. His mind was full of fear for himself as well as for his men.

Samarsen and his men were not anxious to search for a path. They walked into trees and bushes. What they wanted was to go as far away from the angry volcano as possible.

But these were not the only creatures trying to get away from the volcano. Lava was flowing

down on all sides of the volcano and various beasts left their lairs and ran about in panic. This too was a cause of alarm to Samarsen and his men.

Slowly the lava was filling depressions and overflowing them. Several streamlets of liquid fire were coming together and forming rivulets. Unless Samarsen took his men to a higher region they ran the risk of dying a horrible death caught by the flowing lava.

Samarsen marched ahead of his men inspiring them with courage, as usual. After going some distance he looked ahead and stopped suddenly. At first he could not believe his eyes but what he saw did not disappear like magic. It was not a vision and he saw it more clearly as he stepped forward.

It was the sight of a MAN that surprised Samarsen so much. A human being on the Isle of Sorcery! This man was hanging



upside down on a tree and Samarsen could not make out whether he was dead or alive. His feet were securely tied together with the help of some creepers. From his appearance Samarsen guessed that he must be a tribesman.

The men too kept gazing at the tribesman hanging on the tree. A human being amidst the prehistoric animals, the sorcerers and the wilderness of the Isle of Sorcery was really a strange sight.

“Who could have punished this poor fellow in such a heartless fashion?” Samarsen asked himself. He said aloud, “At any rate one thing is clear: there are human beings on this isle—even if they are only tribal people. If only I could find out where these people live, it would be of immense use in future.”

The men did not like this line of talk. They were more anxious to reach their ships and go back home. Why bother about these





tribesmen? The best thing was to get out of here quick.

Samarsen saw that his men were not going to say anything and he could understand their mind. As a matter of fact, he was just as anxious as they were to get away from this accursed place. But how?

Samarsen took a few more steps and came to the man hanging head down from the tree. He examined him and found that there were no wounds on his body. Some enemies did this to him and

he must have died of prolonged thirst and hunger.

All the men were sorry for the fellow. Samarsen alone was engaged with other thoughts. There must be something behind this. How was he to find it out? There could not be any doubt that some part of the island was habitable for men. Where was it? The more Samarsen asked himself such questions the more his curiosity was roused.

Samarsen's eyes fell upon an object lying on the ground some distance away. He went there and picked it up. It was a broken water-flask, a hollowed gourd with a piece of string tied around its narrow mouth. The bottom was broken and somebody threw it away.

"Blessed be Mother Kundalini!" said Samarsen. He lifted up his face to the sky and offered up a short prayer.

The men could not understand what moved their commander so

much. From the surprised look on their faces Samarsen guessed their mind and said to them, "We have nothing to fear. I am sure that we are very near the habitations of human beings. This poor fellow was punished by men only. Besides, this water-flask is the kind of thing used by human beings. If we keep our eyes open, it should not be difficult to find out whence these men came to this spot and whither they went."

At once the men began to search the ground for footprints. In a short time their efforts were rewarded with success. They came upon a meadow which was covered with footmarks indicating the passing of a huge crowd of human beings.

The men were very enthusiastic now. Their minds were free from all doubts and fears. They began to follow the tracks. In about a half-hour they reached a summit. Looking all-round they could still see the volcano in



eruption, the frightened animals running amok and uttering wild cries and also part of the forest set on fire by the flowing lava.

Then they started again, still following the tracks and not knowing where they led them. They were still troubled by the fear of wild animals and the sorcerers. They kept their swords and bows in readiness but inwardly they were praying to Mother Kundalini. Presently they came to a torrent which jumped from one level to another like a flock





of frisking sheep. There were plenty of stones standing in the stream and the water murmured to them.

Samarsen was faced with the problem of crossing the river. It was not an easy thing. Even if they did cross the river it might lead to nothing if they failed to pick up the tracks again. On the other hand, they were now farther from their ships than ever and turning back was equally meaningless.

At this point one of the men ventured to say, "It is not easy to cross the river, commander."

"No. But we shall do it all the same," Samarsen said coming to a decision. If only they had a rope long enough they could cross the stream. Since there were no ropes available Samarsen asked his men to cut down plenty of thick creepers and hanging roots of trees. This was soon done and a sturdy rope was got ready. One end of this rope was



secured to a big tree on the bank and the men took hold of the rope and started to cross the stream by jumping from one rock to another and holding on to the rope so that they were not washed away by the swift waters.

Soon they were on the other side of the stream. Samarsen searched for the tracks carefully and found them. He could see them going into a thick forest not very far away. They moved forward along the tracks with Samarsen in the lead.



Amidst the closely growing trees of the forest there was a foot-path and the tribesmen who left the tracks went along this footpath.

When Samarsen and his men were well into the forest they heard the fearful noise of a herd of elephants trumpeting and stampeding. There was also the noise of trees being smashed. Evidently the elephants were very near and Samarsen chose a huge tree and climbed it as fast as he could, exhorting his men to do likewise.

It was a good thing that they did so. For, in a few moments the wild elephants appeared running in fear of jungle fires, pushing down and destroying everything that stood in their

way. Had Samarsen hesitated a few moments all of them would have been crushed to death.

Samarsen looked down from the tree and saw the destruction caused by these giants. The men were so shaken that they did not dare to come down from the tree long after the elephants disappeared.

At last they came down. Their nerves were shattered and the slightest noise frightened them. But soon they forgot the past because they were now faced with a new problem. In their stampede the elephants had destroyed all trace of the tracks as well as the footpath. What were they to do now?

(To be continued)





THE FATALIST

CHITRA

KING Mandapal of Samant had no children for a long time, and then he was blessed with a daughter. They named her Malati. On the eleventh day of her birth, a great astrologer from a far-off country, who happened to be the guest of the king, cast her horoscope, and wrote down her life in his own language.

When Malati was sixteen her father thought of arranging her marriage, and ordered his pandits to consult the life-reading written down by the astrologer. Unfortunately no one could properly understand the language in which it was written. One man who had a smattering knowledge of the language went through it with great difficulty and told the king. "Your Majesty, this writ-

ing plainly says that the princess shall be married twice. It also says in one place that her husband will die on the day of marriage. In another place it is predicted that she will marry a monarch. I can swear to the accuracy of these details. To my mind it seems that her first husband will die on the day of marriage and she will be married again to the ruler of an empire."

The king was perturbed at this. He had already decided to give Malati in marriage to a prince called Indra-dutt. With luck this prince could become a monarch. But since Malati was destined to lose one husband before she became an emperor's queen, the king thought it wise to marry her secretly to someone else before



she became the wife of Indra-dutt. The ministers agreed with the king in this.

At that time there were three mad men in the city of Samant. None knew whence they came. One kept saying, "Life's strange!", another, "Each to himself!" and the third, "It's all fate!" They never uttered any other words. They roamed the city all day, ate whatever they were given, and slept in the *mantapam* at the temple of the goddess at night.

"Your Highness," the ministers advised the king, "we shall

take the princess in bridal costume to the temple at midnight for the customary worship of the goddess. There we shall secretly marry her to one of the madmen. Tomorrow her real marriage will take place as decided. Thus we shall be able to circumvent the trouble predicted in the horoscope."

Accordingly the bride was taken to the temple of the goddess at dead of night. The minister told the servants to bring forth one of the mad men. Soon a man was brought heavy with sleep. He was the man who was saying, "It's all fate!"

The *purohit* quickly performed the marriage between Malati, the princess, and the mad man who was a fatalist. As soon as the ritual was finished the princess was taken back to the palace, while the fatalist went back to the *mantapam* to sleep.

The next day, the real marriage of the princess was performed with great pomp and splendour. But the princess had a feeling that her real marriage was over

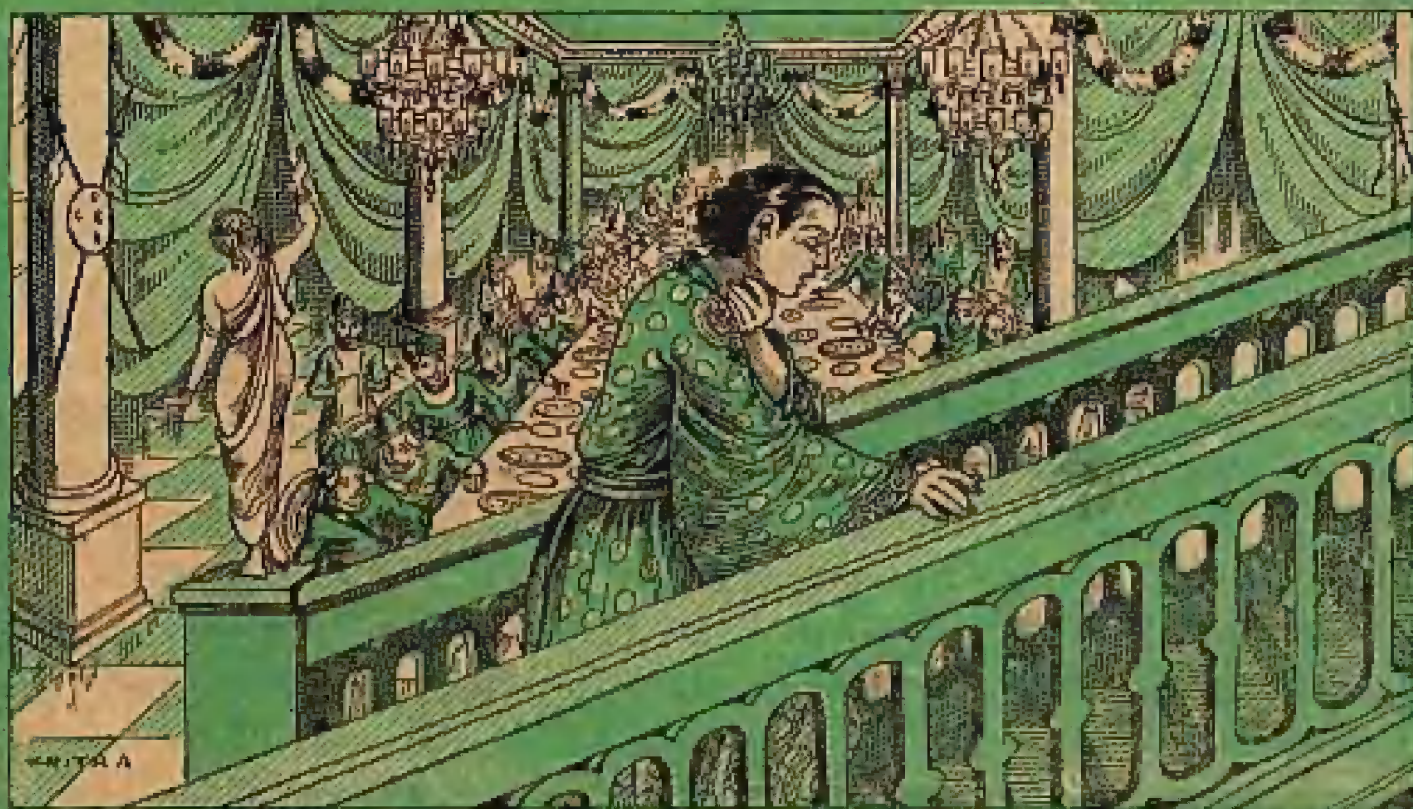
the previous night and the present marriage was a fraud. That evening there was a great banquet in honour of the bride and groom. But Indra-dutt, the bridegroom, left the banquet table in the middle of the feast, complaining that he was not feeling well. Soon afterwards he had a stroke from which he never recovered. The bridegroom was dead, and the effect of his death on the festivities was terrific. The king was dumb with the shock of it.

Among the guests the minister spotted a man from the South

who could read the horoscope of the princess. That man scanned the horoscope and said, "It says here that the girl's second husband will die soon after the marriage whereas her first husband will become a monarch."

The minister ran to the king and told him what he learnt.

"Don't talk to me any more about astrologers and horoscopes," the king told the minister. "These people always tell you what has transpired accurately. But when you ask them about the future they begin to babble





On learning that the bridegroom was dead, Malati got disgusted with everything. She removed her silk dress, wore some saffron clothes, slipped out and made her way to the temple in the dark. She reached the place just in time to see the three mad men leave the temple and go away. She began to follow them even without knowing which of them was her husband.

The mad men walked along highways as well as jungle paths. They passed by several villages and finally arrived at a city called Jayant. All the time Malati walked when they walked, stopped when they stopped and ate when they ate.

When they arrived at Jayant the entire city appeared to be in commotion. Huge crowds gathered in the streets. From their talk Malati learnt the reason for this commotion. Vijay-varadhan, the king of this city had a son called Bhupal Dev. This boy was disgusted with the world, and went away renouncing everything. Recently the king

nonsense. You want me to believe that a lunatic is going to become an emperor?"

But the minister went on with his faith in the horoscope. He sent some men to see if the mad fellows were still sleeping in the *mantapam* of the temple. The men returned just before dawn, and reported that the *mantapam* was deserted and the mad men were gone. At the same time Princess Malati was also reported missing. In the confusion that followed the death of the bridegroom no one noticed her.



got word that Bhupal Dev was dead, and he decided to elect his successor. That very day the royal elephant was to be let loose on the streets in order to pick up the future king.

All the people came out into the streets since everyone stood the same chance of becoming the king. In advance the king's guards came, and made a way for the elephant between the crowds. The three mad men as well as Malati stood to a side.

As the elephant turned into this street, a huge shout went up.

People became greatly excited when the elephant came near them. The elephant approached the mad men. It stopped, stretched its trunk and touched the fatalist, with its trunk. There was a great hush.

The minister sitting on the elephant got down, came near the fatalist, and examined him closely. Then he exclaimed, "O Prince! It's really you! What luck! The dumb beast recognised you quicker than I did!"

The fatalist said, "It's all fate!", and began to roar with laughter.



utter of fact he was no
1. He was the Prince
Dev who was given up
Some time back there
place a hot discussion
a Bhupal and the minister.
minister had suggested
the prince should marry, but
prince had refused.

"How can you escape if you
are fated to marry?" the minister
had said.

"Fate is nonsense!" the prince
had retorted. "Man is his own
fate and destiny."

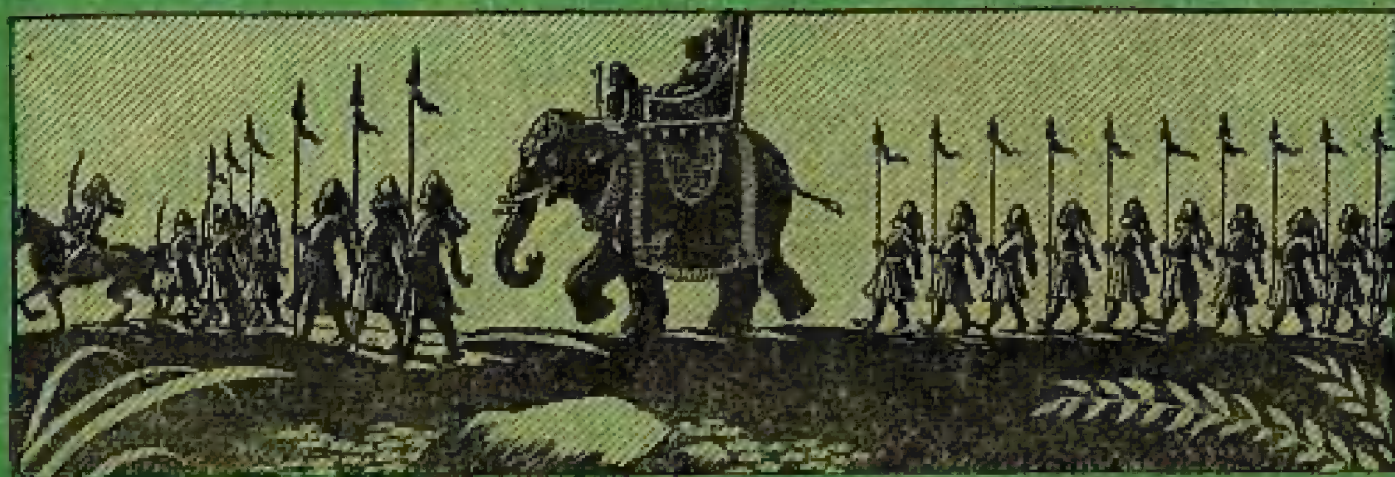
Soon after this a sage came to
Jayant. He appeared to be a man
of great power, and the minister
invited him to the palace. There
was a prolonged discussion
between the sage and the prince,
after which the sage departed.
Soon after this a change came


over the prince, and he too went
away no one knew where.

The prince wandered from place
to place saying, "It's all fate!"
Soon two other mad men joined
him. One of them kept saying,
"Life's strange!" and the other
"Each to himself!". Ever since
they came together the three men
moved together.

"O minister!" said the prince,
"what you predicted did happen.
I was married by an act of fate.
If you don't believe me, ask this
girl who is following us."

Only then did Malati realise
that her husband was none other
than the fatalist. The minister
paid his respects to the future
queen, and took the couple home
to the palace. The horoscope
did not lie after all, and Malati
had married a monarch.



A man in a dark tunic and a patterned dhoti is walking through a forest. He is carrying a large, pale, lifeless body on his shoulder. He has a sword tucked into his belt. In the background, there are trees and a skull lies on the ground.

The Transposed Heads

VIKRAM was not one to give up easily. He understood that Bethal took the corpse and went back to the tree because he broke his silence in order to reply to Bethal. He again got down the corpse from the tree and, carrying it on his shoulder, began to walk towards the burial-ground in silence.

"O King, you are a wise man," said Bethal to the king. "So you can clear a small doubt of mine. But before I tell you of my doubt, I must relate to you a story. So listen." He began the following story:

There was a Kali's temple in the city of Shobha-vati. In front of the temple there was a tank. Every year a *mela* took

Stories of Bethal



place there, and people came from far and near in hundreds of thousands for this *mela*. They bathed in the tank, and paid their homage to Goddess Kali.

One particular year Dhaval, a youth from the community of washermen came for the *mela*. There he saw a very attractive girl belonging to his own community, and fell in love with her. He learnt that her name was Sundari. He also ascertained her father's name and her native place. He swore not to touch food until he got Sundari for a wife.

Dhaval's father saw that there was something wrong, and learnt the truth from the boy.

"You needn't take vows, son," he told Dhaval. "The girl's father happens to be a friend of mine. I don't think he will turn you down if I make an offer. I am going to meet him right now. Get up and have your food."

And the marriage was soon arranged. On an auspicious day Sundari was married to Dhaval. She came to live with her husband, and Dhaval was the happiest man on earth.

Some time passed. One day Sundari's brother came to see Dhaval and invited both his sister and brother-in-law to his place, where *Gowri Vratam* was to be performed.

The next day Dhaval started with his wife and brother-in-law to his father-in-law's place. Their way lay across the city of Shobha-vati. When they reached the Kali Temple Dhaval had an irresistible urge to go and see the goddess. He asked his wife and her brother also to accom-

pany him, but they remained behind since they did not want to enter the temple with empty hands. Dhaval went into the temple alone.

When Dhaval saw the splendid image of the mighty goddess with eighteen hands with the Buffalo Demon under her feet, he was seized with an uncontrollable ecstasy. The sacrificial sword was near the image.

"Others make sacrifices to this goddess of goddesses and derive small benefits. Let me sacrifice myself to Her and

achieve the
Eternal Bliss.
took up the
at his neck.

his head rolled
body fell forward.

Sundari waited a long time for the return of her husband, and then sent her brother to call him. Her brother saw what happened to Dhaval, and he too sacrificed himself to the goddess in a fit of ecstasy.

Seeing neither of the men returned, Sundari was panic-stricken. She went into the



the young
s, sacrificed
Sundari cried
"Had you not spare
them? Why should
me alone? Take me
too!" Sundari tried to strangle
herself to death when she heard
words proceeding from the
goddess:

"Don't be foolish, child. I
never asked the boys to sacrifice
themselves to me. They did so
out of sheer ecstasy. Put their
bodies and heads together and I
shall bring them back to life."

Sundari's sorrow was turned
to overpowering joy. She did
not even wait to wipe the tears
from her eyes. In the dim light
of the temple she joined both
the heads to both the bodies,

and the two young men were alive
again. Only, in her haste and
confusion, Sundari had joined
her husband's head to the body
of her brother, and her brother's
head to the body of her husband.

Having finished the story
Bethal said: "O King, please
tell me which of these young
men was now her husband, and
which one her brother? If you
know the answer and yet do not
speak your head will be split."

"There is not much ground
for doubt here," the king replied.
"The head is the most important
organ in the body. So the man
with the husband's head is her
husband while the other is her
brother."

The king's silence was broken,
and Bethal disappeared with the
corpse, and went back to the tree.





IN SEARCH OF A THRONE

SUDARSHAN of Malwa was an exceedingly handsome lad, but he was utterly poor. He spent all his boyhood at Banaras getting educated. When his education was finished he started for his home country.

He made the long journey on foot and in course of time reached a town called Purandar. By the time he entered the town it was already dark. Sudarshan did not like the idea of going from house to house begging for food and shelter. He went straight to the king's palace, and told the king, "Sire, I am a foreigner and a guest. Give me food and shelter tonight. I shall be on my way tomorrow."

The King of Purandar was very much pleased with the hand-

some boy with the bold talk, and agreed to play host to him. When the boy went to have a refreshing bath, the queen said to the king, "I feel this boy is no ordinary lad. He must be a prince in disguise. Do find out who he is. He will make an excellent husband for our daughter."

"If he is really a prince in disguise," said the king, "he will not reveal himself even if we ask him. His secret must be discovered without his knowledge. Let me consult our minister."

"That can be easily ascertained," said the minister to the king. "I can find out whether he is a prince or a common person. But not in one night. I want time. Keep him here for a couple of days."



So, at dinner the king turned to his young guest and said, "I am afraid you cannot go away tomorrow, my boy. My daughter's birthday falls tomorrow and you must stay for the celebration. You can go later."

Meanwhile the minister arranged a hard bed for Sudarshan in a room. He called a night-watchman and said to him, "keep an eye on the guest. You must report to me in the morning whether he has slept well."

After dinner Sudarshan was shown into this bedroom. He

closed the door, sat on the bed and removed his shirt in order to lie down and go to sleep. As he lifted the shirt several green peas dropped down from its pockets and got scattered all over the bed and the floor.

It happened this way. Being a poor boy Sudarshan was always careful about his needs. That morning he saw lots of peas while passing by a field. He plucked a lot of pods, took out the green peas and filled both of his pockets with them. It was not unusual for him to sustain himself on such diet when he could not find food.

Now these wretched peas were all over the place and created a problem. The king had been very well disposed to him, and the servants should not find these peas tomorrow. Otherwise the king would come to know about it, and treat him with less respect. So, Sudarshan began to collect each single pea on the bed. Then he lifted the bedsheet and shook it. Having cleared the bed he proceeded to crawl about on the

floor and collect all the peas that fell there.

It was past midnight by the time Sudarshan collected all the peas. He did not know what to do with them. Though he was already full with the king's food, Sudarshan proceeded to eat the peas slowly, one by one. Three quarters of the night was gone by the time he went to sleep.

"How did our guest sleep last night?" the minister asked the night-watchman next morning.

"Sir," said the watchman, "the young gentleman did not

have a wink of sleep. I heard him shaking the bedsheets and prowling in the room until the first cock."

The minister was satisfied. He went to the king and said to him, "Sire, this boy is no common person. I shall not be surprised if he is the son of a monarch."

What the minister said was confirmed when the king and queen found that Sudarshan hardly ate a morsel of the rich fare that was placed before him. They did not know that the peas had spoiled his appetite.





The next night the minister arranged a fine featherbed, and Sudarshan, who was ready to sleep even on a bare rock, slept like a log in the soft and cosy feather bed.

"There is no longer any occasion for the least doubt," said the minister to the king and queen. "My only fear is that the young prince may not care to marry our princess!"

"Nonsense," said the queen. "Pretending to be a commoner he dare not refuse our daughter. In any case, find out his opinion."

The minister took Princess Indu-mati to Sudarshan and suggested that he should marry her. At first Sudarshan was overcome with surprise but later he consented to marry the princess. The king and queen were very happy. Soon Princess Indu-mati was married to the destitute Sudarshan.

For a whole year Sudarshan enjoyed a life which he could not have dreamt of. Then his troubles started. One day Indu-mati said to her husband, "How long are we to remain here? Let us go to your kingdom."

"Our kingdom?" Sudarshan repeated in amazement.

"Yes," she replied. "You need not pretend any more. Even before we were married I knew that you were a prince." She told him about the tests devised by the minister in order to make sure that he was a prince. When he heard this Sudarshan was amazed.

But now it was up to him to show her a kingdom or to confess the truth. Sudarshan loved

his wife too well to hurt her by blurting out the truth. He would start out with her and keep wandering until the truth dawned on her.

One fine morning Indu-mati and Sudarshan took leave of the king and queen of Purandar and started upon their aimless travel. Weeks and months passed. The young couple moved from one village to another and from one country to another. Indu-mati was certain that she was going to her husband's place but she did not know where it was and what it was. She bore the hardships of the travel without complaining. She never once asked her husband, "Where are we going?"

Several times Sudarshan had a great urge to leave his sleeping wife, and go away in order to put an end to this problem. But from day to day his love for his uncomplaining wife was growing, and he did not have the heart to desert her.

At the end of six months they arrived in the city of Kalinga.



There Sudarshan sold one of his wife's ornaments and they lodged with a poor woman.

The poor woman looked at the couple with some surprise. For, in spite of the hardships of the journey, Indu-mati still looked a princess. But the boy intrigued the old woman. Some fifteen years back the prince of Kalinga was kidnapped by robbers. The old woman thought that the boy would be the same age as Sudarshan if he was still alive. She suspected that this boy was the kidnapped prince.

To make sure, the old woman took Indu-mati aside and asked her, "Who are you, my dear? And what is your husband?"

"I am Princess Indu-mati of Purandar. My husband is a prince in disguise," said the girl.

"Which place is he the prince of?" the old woman asked again.

"I don't know. But we are going there," Indu-mati replied.

The old woman's suspicion was confirmed. She went to see the king and told him, "Your Majesty a boy is lodging in my house with his wife. I have a feeling that he may be our prince whom the robbers kidnapped several years ago."

"Can you bring the couple here once?" the king asked the old woman.

That evening the old woman took Sudarshan and Indu-mati to the palace. Both the king and queen of Kalinga were overcome with joy when they saw Sudarshan. The king thought there was a strong resemblance between his wife and the boy while the queen said her husband looked exactly like the boy at the time of her marriage.

"God has given us back our son," they said. Sudarshan agreed to be their son and stay with them.

Soon after, Sudarshan was crowned as the future king of Kalinga. When this news reached Purandar the minister said, "Didn't I tell you so? How lucky we are to have the Prince of Kalinga for a son-in-law!"





AN ORIGINAL VERSE

SERVING a king is like walking the razor's edge. King Bhoja, who was so very fond of Kalidas, the great poet, once fell out with him and in consequence Kalidas left his court.

After Kalidas had left the academy of pandits and poets that assembled in Bhoja's court deteriorated. Among these scholars there were three queer fellows who acted as a team. One of them could repeat anything after hearing it only once. Another could repeat it after hearing it twice and the third could repeat it after hearing it thrice.

Bhoja was in the habit of giving a lakh of rupees to anyone who recited an original verse. But these three put an end to this practice.

When a new poet came to the court and recited an original verse, the one who could repeat anything on hearing it once, claimed that he already knew the verse. As proof thereof he recited the verse which he had just heard. Then the second fellow who had heard it twice by now claimed that he too knew it already. Next, the third fellow repeated it. The king was convinced that the verse was not original and the poet had to go away unrewarded.

Thus several poets were put to shame at the famous court of King Bhoja and they went back in great sorrow. One Brahman who had been disgraced thus happened to come across Kalidas in a distant place.

It pained Kalidas greatly to hear of the deterioration that set in in King Bhoja's court after he left it. Had he been there he would have taught the three rascals a proper lesson. Even now, Kalidas thought, it was not too late. He could still teach Bhoja and his scholars a good lesson.

Kalidas at once composed a verse and told the Brahman, "Sir, take this verse and read it in Bhoja's court. You are sure to be rewarded." The Brahman went back to Bhoja's court and

asked the King's permission to read an original verse. He got the permission and read the following:

“स्वस्ति श्री भोजराज ! त्रिभुवन विदितो
धार्मिकस्ते पिता भू
दिपत्राते वै गृहीता नवनवतिमिता
रत्नकोट्यो मदीयाः
तामेदेहीति राजन् ; सकल बुध जनैर्जायते सत्यमेत
ज्ञोवा जानन्ति ते तन्ममकृति मथया
देहि सुखंततोमे ।”

(Hail, King Bhoja ! Your father whose fame as a philanthropist has spread over the three worlds, borrowed 90 crores of gems from me. All the scholars



are witnesses to this. So kindly pay back my debt. If the scholars are not aware of this at least let me have a lakh for this verse of mine.)

The three rogues were caught in a snare. If they claimed that they were already familiar with this verse it meant that they were aware of the debt mentioned in it. As an honest man King Bhoja would have no choice except to pay back the 90 crores of gems which his father had owed this Brahman. If they acknowledged that the verse was original the Brahman would get only a lakh.

So, none of the scholars dared to claim that they knew the verse before, and King Bhoja paid the Brahman the usual lakh. And then he asked the Brahman,

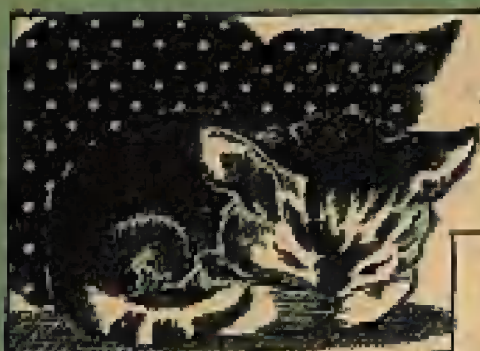
"Sir, what prompted you to write a verse like this?"

The Brahman told the king how he had come once to this court and recited an original verse, how he was put to shame by people who claimed that they had known it before, how a kind man met him in a distant place and wrote him this verse out of pity for him.

King Bhoja now realised that the three scoundrels had been playing pranks. He was shocked to realise that many more poets must have suffered disgrace at his court.

The king was also certain that the good man who took pity on the Brahman could be none other than Kalidas. He at once sent for him and installed him in his court as before.





Lazy - Bones

IN a certain village there was a rich man who had a daughter named Sukumari. She was so hopelessly lazy that she never did a stroke of work but, always played with kittens. When she was old enough to marry, Sukumari turned down several youths before she chose a good-looking but poor young man. Before marriage she made him swear that he would never scold or hit her.

After going to her husband Sukumari did not change her habits in the least. She played with her pet kitten all the time. She seemed to have no other interest in life except the kitten. Her husband did not know what to do about it. The house was in a state of utter neglect. His

food was never ready in time. If he questioned her about these things she gave evasive replies.

The poor fellow very soon came to the end of his patience. He had a great urge to chastise his lazy wife. But he restrained himself.

In the end he thought of a way to teach the girl a good lesson. As he was going out one morning, he addressed the kitten she was playing with, "Look here, Pussy! By the time I come back at noon keep the whole house in order. Cook food and keep it ready. I shall punish you severely if I find anything amiss!" Then he went away.

When he returned home nothing was changed. Sukumari was playing with the kitten as usual.

The husband got wild. He tore the kitten from his wife's hands, and the kitten tried to hold on to her so desperately that Sukumari's hands were badly clawed.

"What did I tell you this morning?" he shouted at the kitten. "Why didn't you obey me, you wretch?" With that he began to beat the kitten severely.

On top of the pain caused by the scratching Sukumari was very much hurt to see her pet being beaten. "Stop it!" she cried. "What is the use of beating the poor thing? It can't even understand you. How can you expect a kitten to keep house and cook?"

The husband flung the kitten away as he said, "I don't know all that! I know that I have a right to dictate to the kitten only. I shall exercise that right."

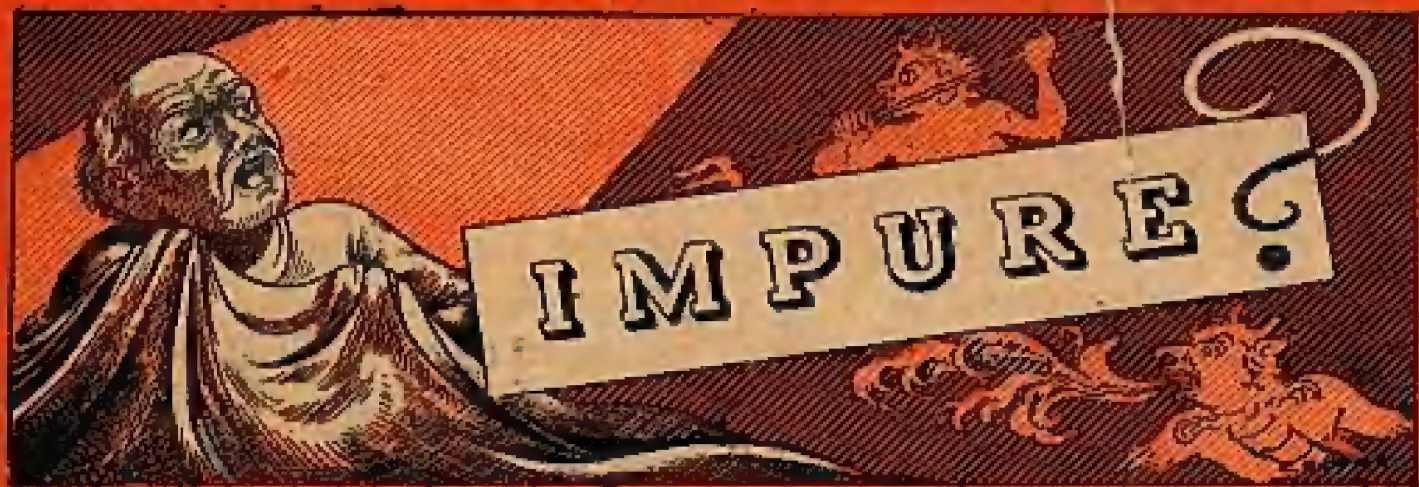
Even after this there was no change in Sukumari. The next day the husband found no improvement in the state of affairs when he came home at noon. He beat the kitten very severely for it. Sukumari was once again clawed by the kitten.

Sukumari was astonished at her husband's behaviour. "You'll kill that cat quite unnecessarily. It can never understand what you want!" she told her husband.

"But *you* understand me, don't you? If you are afraid of losing the kitten, you can do what all I want the kitten to do," her husband retorted.

After that the house was always kept faultlessly neat, and food was ready in time. Love for the kitten transformed Sukumari into a good wife.





DHANA GUPTA earned crores.

But he had to sin a lot in order to earn all that money. Following in his footsteps, several other merchants earned lakhs.

Dhana Gupta became old. As death was creeping nearer and nearer, fear of hell began to torment him. All his life he had sinned without hesitation, and unless he did some good things in the little time left, he felt there was no way of escaping the eternal fires. A pilgrimage to a holy place would go a long way to reduce the burden of his accumulated sin.

Three other rich merchants wanted to accompany Dhana Gupta when they learnt about his intention to go on a pilgrimage. They too had lived a life

of sin. Besides, it paid one to do blindly whatever the great man did, for he never undertook anything unless it paid back with interest. They could have a share in the profits. Dhana Gupta agreed to their accompanying him because the expenses could be shared among the four. Also, if one fell ill there would be three others to look after him.

For a long time they could not decide whether they should go to Banaras or Rameshwar. A trip to Banaras was a trip to the other world, as the saying went. Rameshwar was much nearer, the journey much safer and, what was more, in their own village there was a man who could be a guide. He was an untouchable called Ram. He

had quarrelled thrice with his people at home, and had gone to Rameshwar each time.

On a very, very auspicious day the four pilgrims started on their journey with the untouchable Ram leading the way. They kept singing the glory of Lord Rama so that everyone could know that they were on a pious errand. The journey went off very pleasantly and smoothly. Rameshwar was within a couple-of-days-journey.

All of a sudden the sky became dark with fearsome clouds and

a strong gale started blowing. This happened while the pilgrims were going through a forest. To their horror they saw even very large trees swaying in the wind and threatening to crash down. Overhead the clouds moved like giant elephants and roared incessantly. Now and then the sky was torn with flashes of lightning that blinded their eyes.

The pilgrims saw a small shrine, and ran towards it as fast as they could in order to take shelter in it. They were no sooner



within the shrine than a lot of thunderbolts began to fall like bombs. One of them crashed on a tree destroying a part of it while the rest fell down. A few seconds later another thunderbolt fell within fifty yards of the shrine.

The pilgrims were nearly dead with fear. "I've never seen anything like it in my entire life," Dhana Gupta said. "One of us is impure and because of him we are all going to be destroyed."

"Look at this Ram. He is untouchable. We made a grave blunder in bringing him along with us. Letting him enter the shrine was a still more grave offence. Why should he come inside? It is enough to drive God mad!" the others chorused.

Ram, the impure, was asked to get out of the shrine at once.

"Respected sirs," Ram implored. "It has started to rain heavily. Take pity on me. I shall freeze if I get wet. I am impure. But so long as I am with pure people like you, God will not touch me, He will not punish four for the sake of one."

But Ram's entreaties only made the pilgrims more merciless and hard-hearted. In the end they physically pushed the poor fellow out. He ran to the nearest tree and stood shivering under it.

The next moment there was blinding flash above and a crash which could have been that of the cracking of the sky itself. Ram closed his eyes tight. When he opened them again there was no shrine, only a heap of stones. All the four pilgrims had been wiped out by a single thunderbolt.



THE PENALTY

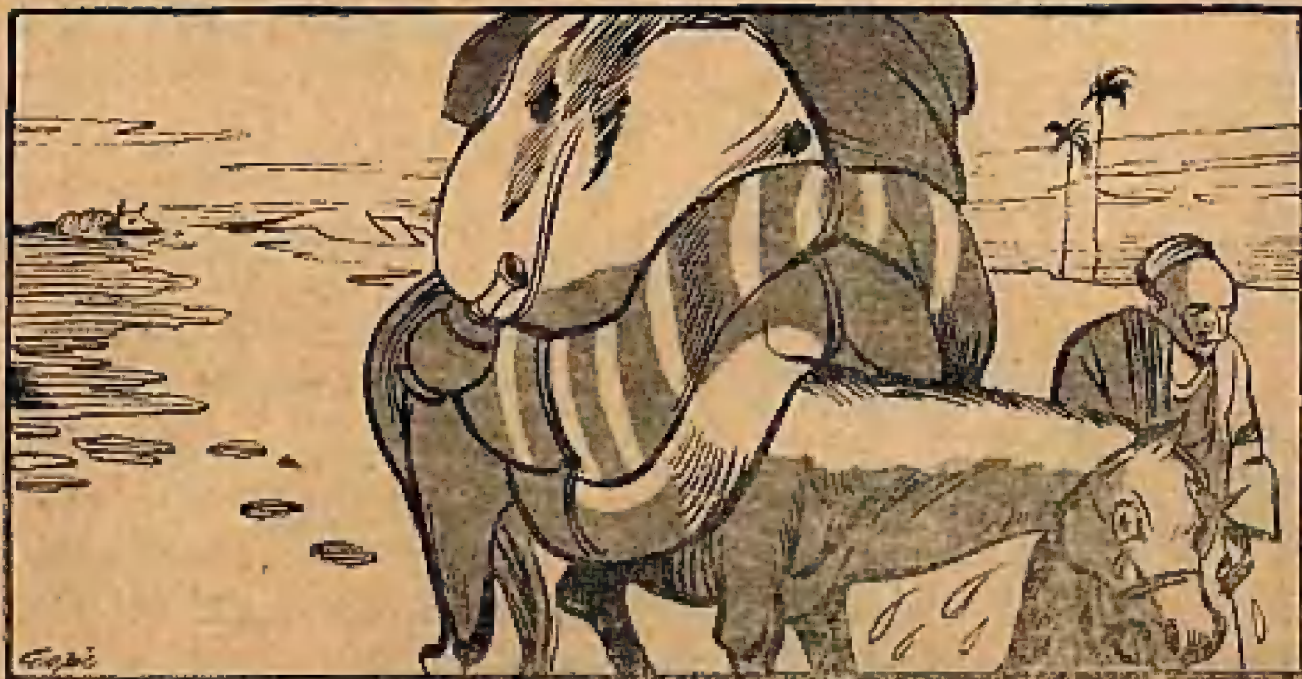
ONCE a merchant started on a long journey with his goods loaded on a horse and a donkey. The donkey was overloaded and after a time it felt it very difficult even to take a single step.

"Brother," said the donkey to the horse. "At this rate I can't walk much farther. Kindly relieve me of some of my load."

The horse would not agree to this. "Why should I carry your load? If you happen to carry too much it's just your own bad luck," the horse replied coldly.

After a time the donkey was done for. It collapsed on the way and died of strain. The trader got the donkey skinned then and there. He transferred the entire load to the horse and on top of it the donkey's skin too.

Now it was the horse's turn to carry on an unbearable load. "What a fool I was!" the horse thought to himself. "If only I relieved the donkey of a little of its load when the donkey requested me I would not be carrying the entire load now, not to speak of the donkey's skin. I've let the donkey die and now it will be my turn to die."



FATAL GREED

A fox once made friends with a wolf and found that he had to play the part of a servant, since the wolf was much stronger. Whenever the wolf was hungry it used to say to the fox, "Find me something to eat or I'll eat you!" And, being a cunning creature the fox always managed to show him something or other to kill and eat.

One day the wolf said to the fox, "I am very hungry. Show me something to eat or I'll eat you!"

"Don't worry. Today the washerman has killed his sheep and stored the mutton in his cellar in a big pot. We shall go there after dark and eat our fill," the fox told the wolf.

Accordingly, after dark, both the fox and wolf went to the washerman's house. In the mud-wall of the house there was a narrow gap through which the fox and the wolf managed to go in with some difficulty. There was meat inside as the fox promised. After eating a little the fox suggested to the wolf, "Let us go now."

"There is a lot more. Let me eat as much as I can hold," said the wolf devouring the meat greedily.



The washerman heard some sound in the cellar and came to investigate it. The fox at once escaped through the gap in the wall but the wolf, when he too tried to pass through it, got stuck in it because of his distended belly. The washerman thrashed the helpless wolf with his stick till the wolf was dead.

FAULTS IN OTHERS

BRAHMA, the Creator, called together all the creatures he had created in order to find out what improvements they would like to have.

"Friends," he said addressing all creatures, "I have done my best to provide all of you with everything that you are likely to require. But that does not mean that you cannot have any improvements if you want to. If you find any defects in you, I am ready to rectify them. If you want certain things you haven't got now, I am ready to provide you with them. I want you to speak out one after the other."



The Ape was the first to stand up and clear its throat. "Dear Father," he said, "I am quite all right, thank you. I lack nothing and have everything. But it seems to me that poor Bear is very badly handicapped by thick hair all over his body and an odd way of walking."

"What's wrong with my hair anyway?" objected the Bear. "It's nice and warm. But seeing the Elephant I wonder whether she would like to be something else. She seems entirely out of shape to me."

One after another the creatures got up and said that they were all right but the others were all wrong. Brahma gave a sigh of relief and sent them away. He was aware of quite a few shortcomings in his creation but he was saved the trouble of rectifying them since the creatures saw faults only in others and not in themselves.



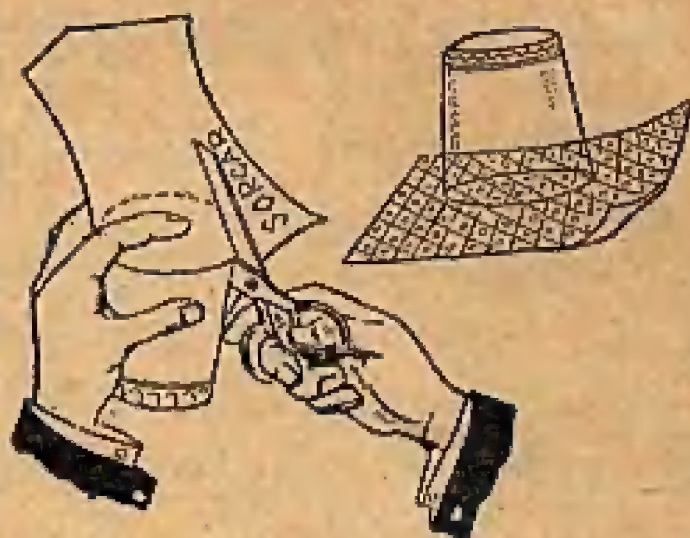
THE MYSTERIOUS GLASS

THIS is the trick which I tried out while I was a schoolboy but to-day at this ripe old age I show it to my friends on many occasions. On the table is a marvel paper of striking design. On the same I put a small coin. Next I cover the same with an inverted, transparent glass, which in turn is covered by a borrowed handkerchief. As the handkerchief is removed the coin vanishes from underneath the transparent glass to the utter amazement of the on-lookers. The magician again covers the glass with the borrowed handkerchief and as the same glass is removed, the former coin is again seen on the marvel paper as before. This can be repeated many times and can be done in broad daylight when completely surrounded by the spectators from all sides.

Now about the secret. The table and the marvel paper on it are both unprepared. The secret lies in the glass. Take an ordinary clear glass and on its



rim put some good glue. Next place this glued glass face down on a sheet of marvel paper. Naturally the marvel paper will stick to the mouth of the glass. Next cut the protruding portion of marvel paper from around the mouth of the glass (see diagram) and the glass is ready for the show. When this glass is put on the sheet of the marvel paper on the table face down, as both the designs are similar, people will not be able to spot the difference. They will naturally think that an ordinary unprepared glass has been kept inverted on the piece of marvel paper. Next a borrowed coin is placed on the marvel paper and the same is covered with the prepared glass. In the ordinary course, if the glass is lifted, the audience will at once see the trickery in the mouth (now bottom) of the glass. To hide this the glass is covered with one borrowed handkerchief. Next is easy. The borrowed coin is now covered by the marvel paper in the mouth of the prepared glass but the spectators cannot understand this and they think the coin has vanished. Reversing



the operation the coin can again be produced on the marvel paper. In fact, the coin never vanishes at all. It is hidden by the marvel paper previously stuck on the mouth of the glass. In my opinion it is better to show this trick with two identical glasses. One of which is totally unprepared and the other one faked as stated above. When good elusive marvel papers are not available, this item can be done with ordinary coloured papers of thicker quality.

[Readers who want to know further details about this trick may write to the following address, giving reference to CHANDAMAMA. All correspondence should be in English and addressed to—Prof. P. C. Sorcar, Magician, Post Box 7878, Calcutta-12.]

USELESS ATTENTIONS

A certain zamindar bought a fine Arab horse with a pedigree by paying a lot of money. His whole mind was so taken up with the horse that he could think of nothing else night or day. He got a palace-like stable built for this horse. He was afraid that hired men would not tend the horse with the necessary care and he undertook the grooming of the horse himself.

This was indeed a very great honour to the horse. Twice a day the zamindar went to see his horse and groomed him



with his own hands. All the same the horse began to get thin gradually. Its shining coat lost its lustre and the bones began to push up through the skin.

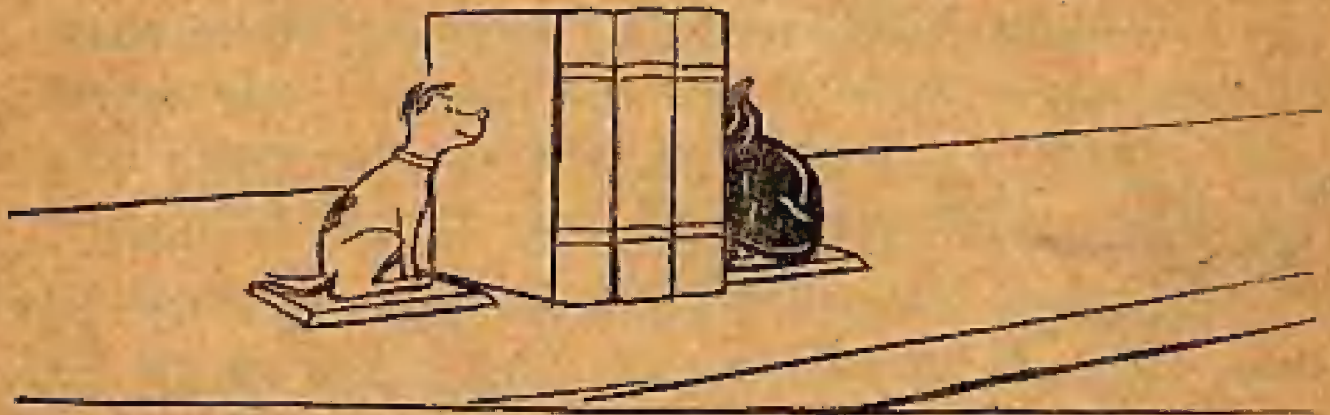
At last the zamindar said to the horse in great agony, "I bestow so much care on you. I even groom you myself. But you look emaciated and sickly as though there were none to care for you.

What is the reason?"

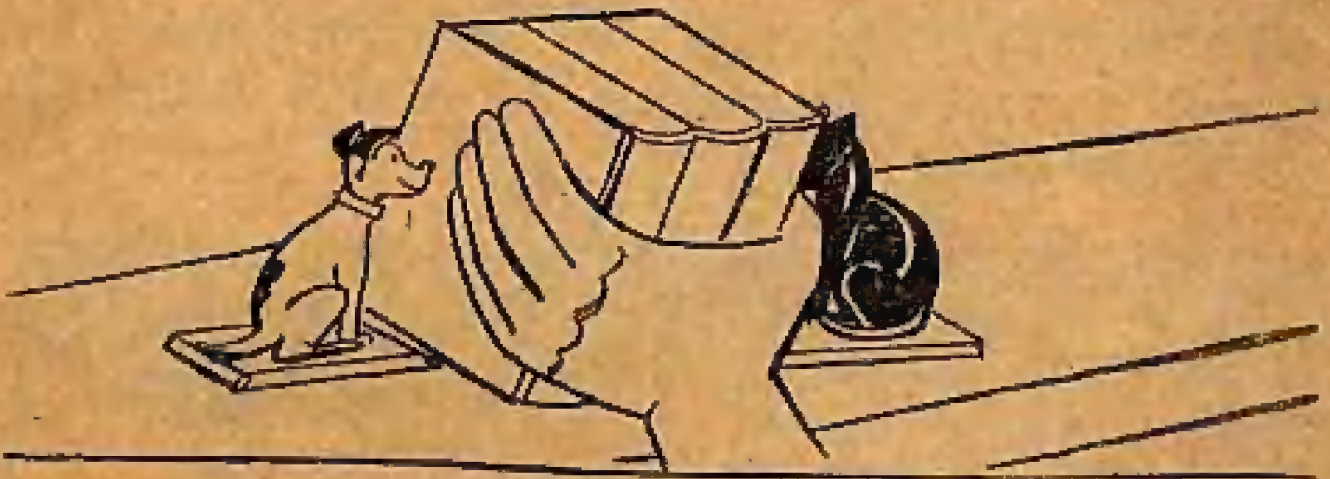
"Sir," replied the horse in a feeble voice. "What benefit is it to me that you care for me, put me up in a palace and groom me yourself? You have entirely forgotten the most primary of my needs—food. I've had no food since you bought me and I am starving. Stop this grooming and give me food and I shall look well again."

NATURAL ENEMIES

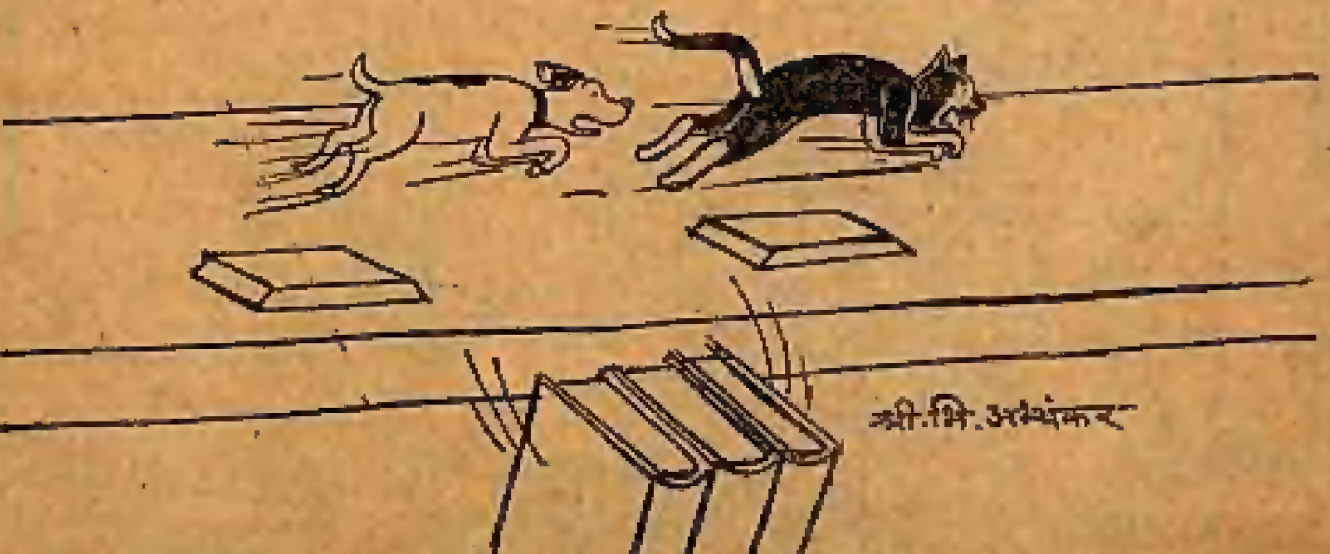
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श्री.मि. अम्बेकर

ART VERSUS REALITY

A certain artist painted a picture. It was the picture of a lone hunter who had killed a huge lion all by himself. Several people came to see this picture. They admired not only the art of the artist, but also the valour of the hunter who killed such a fearful lion without any help.

As people were admiring the picture a real lion came there. He saw the picture and then turned to the men, saying, "Friends, there is no doubt that you have scored a big victory in this picture. But this is the painter's art. If we, lions, could paint pictures, our pictures would have been much nearer to reality."



THE CAT AND THE MEAT

Goha, the witty man of Cairo, once bought three *seers* of meat and took it home.

"I am going out now and shall be back exactly at noon," Goha told his wife. "In the meantime prepare some *kababs* with the meat and keep them ready."

Goha's wife cut up all the meat as well as some onions and prepared *kababs*. She found them so excellent that she sent word to her brother to come at once and taste some. Between the brother and the sister all the *kababs* were consumed long before Goha's return.

When Goha came home and asked about the *kababs* his wife told him, "Curse that cat! He ate up all the meat and I couldn't make any *kababs*."

At once Goha obtained a pair of scales and weighed the cat. He weighed exactly three *seers*.

"Accursed woman," Goha shouted, "if this is the meat where is the cat?"



THE BACK COVER

PORTRAIT ON THE WALL—6

CHUANG and his wife worked the whole night and built a boat of cedar. They made the back of it hard and sharp as a steel point. This was Mistress Clever's idea.

Next day the race took place. Several people came to see the race between Chuang and the Emperor. The Emperor got into his boat while Chuang got into his. Soon Chuang's boat shot ahead of the Emperor's boat. The Emperor had a malicious idea. He tried to ram the back of Chuang's boat and sink it so that Chuang would be drowned.

The people watching the race from the bank shouted a warning to Chuang but it was unnecessary. Because, when the front part of the emperor's boat struck the back part of Chuang's boat, the emperor's boat split like a pumpkin and the Emperor nearly died of drowning.

The Emperor lost the race and the people cheered Chuang.

The ministers rescued the Emperor who had swallowed a great deal of water.

"You've ruined my royal robe," the Emperor yelled at Chuang. "Get me a new one. It should be made of feathers. Let it be embroidered with a dragon, a phoenix and the sea. If the new robe is not ready in three days I shall chop off your head."

The Emperor twice tried to show that he was better than Chuang. Both the times he failed miserably. Now he blamed Chuang, though his robe was spoiled because of his own wickedness. But what was poor Chuang to do now?

THE PLANETS

The Sun is the centre of a system consisting of several planets revolving round the centre. The whole system is called the Solar Family. The Sun, with its radius of 867,000 miles, is the centre and the farthest planet Pluto is 365,50,00,000 miles away!

To simplify the picture, imagine a giant wheel, a furlong in diameter, with a hub of one inch. The hub will be the Sun and Pluto will be a tiny speck on the rim of such a wheel, the other planets occupying intermediate positions.

Mercury is the planet nearest to the Sun and it is 3,59,87,000 miles away — about three and a half feet from the hub on the reduced scale.

Next comes Venus, 6,72,45,000 miles away from the Sun — some six and a half feet from the hub.

Next comes our Earth, 9,29,65,000 miles from the Sun — nearly three yards from the hub.

Beyond the Earth lies Mars, 14,16,50,000 miles from the Sun — four and a half yards from the hub.

Jupiter is 48,36,78,000 miles away from the Sun — fully fifteen and a half yards from the hub.

Saturn is 98,67,79,900 miles from the Sun — twenty eight and a half yards from the hub.

Uranus is 178,30,00,000 miles from the Sun — 57 yards from the hub.

Neptune is 279,00,00,000 miles from the Sun — 90 yards from the hub.

Pluto is the farthest-lying planet.

Only the nearer planets get the light and heat from the Sun while the others lie in darkness and cold. Only a quarter of the light falling on Mercury reaches Venus. Earth gets less than half what Venus gets and Mars less than half of what Earth receives. Compared to the light and heat we get from the Sun, Jupiter gets 900 times less while Pluto receives 1500 times less.

ANCIENT ANIMALS

Diplodocus was the biggest among the "dinosaurs." It was not only bigger than *Brontosaurus* but it was bigger than any other creature that walked the land at any time. It was 90 feet between its nose and the tip of its tail. It could very easily look into the third floor of a modern house.

There were several "dinosaurs" with giant bodies. *Brachiosaurus*, for instance, weighed 50 tons. Remember, all these giants came out of eggs. We have some idea about the size of these eggs, because one "dinosaur" which was 9 feet long laid eggs which were 9 inches long. By this proportion *Diplodocus* could have come out of an egg nearly 8 feet in size!

Not all the giant lizards were "dinosaurs." Some of them took to water. They were fish-lizards. *Plesiosaur* was a fish lizard. It had paddles to swim with, instead of legs. It was 50 feet long and had very sharp teeth in its mouth. The fish-lizards were no fish; they had to come to the surface in order to breathe. They had very big, round eyes. They could not lay their eggs on land and the eggs would not hatch in water. So they developed the art of hatching their eggs in their own bodies. *Ichthyosaur* was a fish-lizard which looked like a fish.

Some giant lizards took to the air too. They were the bird-lizards. *Pterosaur* was a bird-lizard. It had folded skin instead of wings—like a bat. When the wings were spread this bird-lizard measured 30 feet. *Archaeopteria*, *Pteranodon* and several others were bird-lizards.

These giant lizards ruled the earth, the water and the air for 150 million years without apposition and then disappeared. The Age of the Reptiles came to an end with them.



PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

FEBRUARY 1956

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



- ★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.
- ★ The captions should reach us before 10th of December '55.

- The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-
- ★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

RESULTS FOR DECEMBER

- I. Photo: "Dear, Be Quick."
- II. Photo: "Fear, No Trick."

Contributed by :

Miss KAMINI SHASTRI, Amerchand Mansions, 16 A, Mayo Road, Bombay.

AWARD Rs. 10



NEWS ITEMS

On October 15, Prime Minister Nehru declared open the Konar Dam of the Damodar Valley Project. The dam stands 160 feet above the river bed and is 12,670 feet long. It will irrigate over a lakh of acres. Its cost is 10 crore rupees.

On October 29 the Indian Industries Fair was started on the Delhi-Muttra road on a site of 75 acres. In this the biggest show window 21 foreign countries, including U.S.A., U.K., U.S.S.R., China and France, are taking part. Several countries have put up national pavilions.

The Madras Zoo is celebrating its centenary this November. It was founded on 23rd November 1855. It is 20 acres in extent. An Evolutionary Tower is placed before the entrance to the zoo as a centenary memorial. This zoo is said to be the oldest and one of the best in Asia.

The Karve Committee has recommended that 260 crores of rupees should be spent on village and small-scale industries under the Second Five year Plan.



On Nov. 7, President Prasad distributed awards to 27 winners in the music competition organised by All India Radio to discover new singing talent. 1300 persons entered the competition. 160 took part in the final tests, 100 at Delhi and 60 at Madras. 27 secured prizes, 13 of the winners being girls. The first prize winners got an artistically designed plaque and a sum of Rs. 101 each. The second prize consisted of a plaque and a sum of Rs. 51. One of the girls received a second prize for mridangam in the Karnatic music section.

* * *

An Indian Film delegation headed by Mr. Prithviraj Kapoor went to China to take part in the Indian Film Festival that was held in Nanking from October 17. Four Indian films were dubbed into Chinese and shown in this festival. Chairman Mao met the delegation on October 27.

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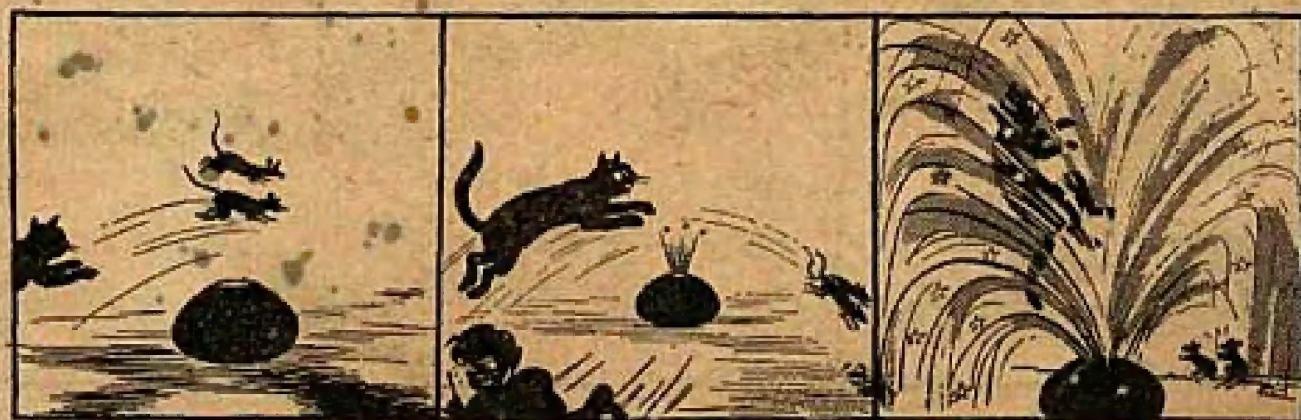
Prime Minister Nehru was 66 on Nov 14. His birthday was celebrated in Delhi as a Children's Day. 14000 children staged a Colourful festival of dance, music and drill.

* * *

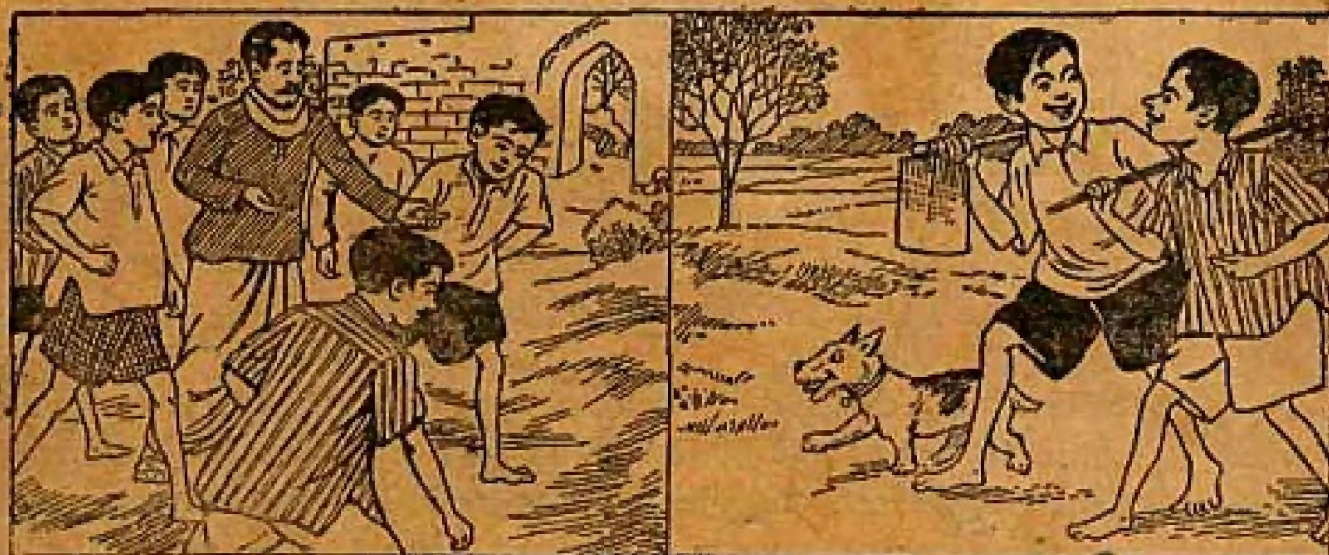
On November 2, the 50 K.W. Medium Wave, Bangalore station of All India Radio was inaugurated. The Rajpramukh of Mysore spoke on the occasion.

* * *

President Prasad inaugurated the fourth session of the Sanskrit Viswa Parishad at Tirupati on November 11. 1500 delegates from all over the country attended.

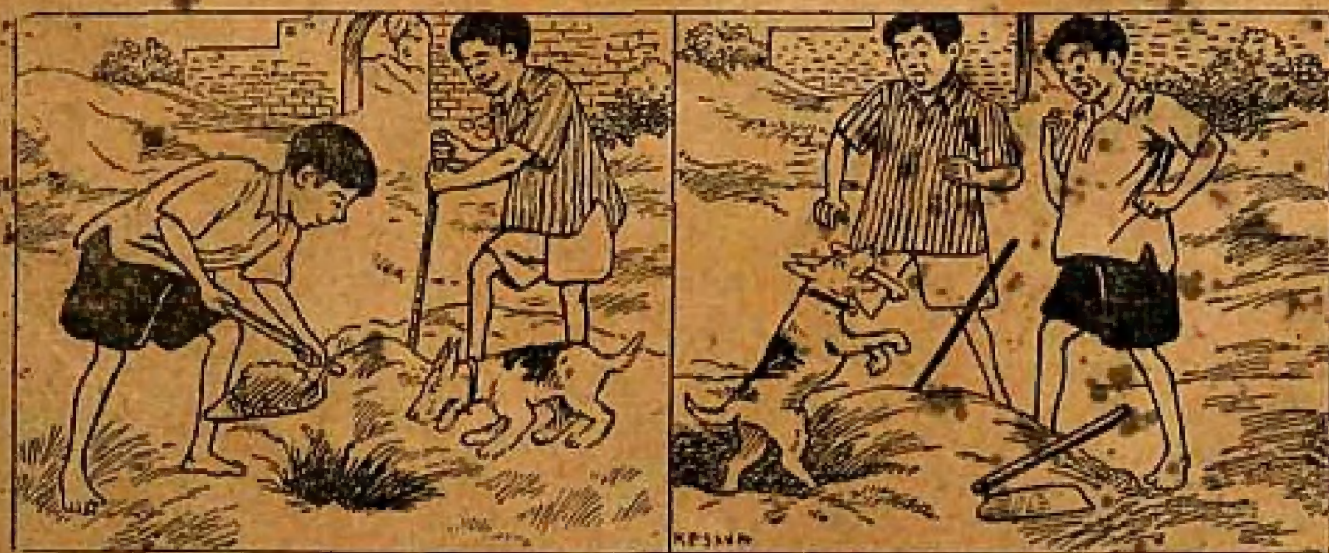


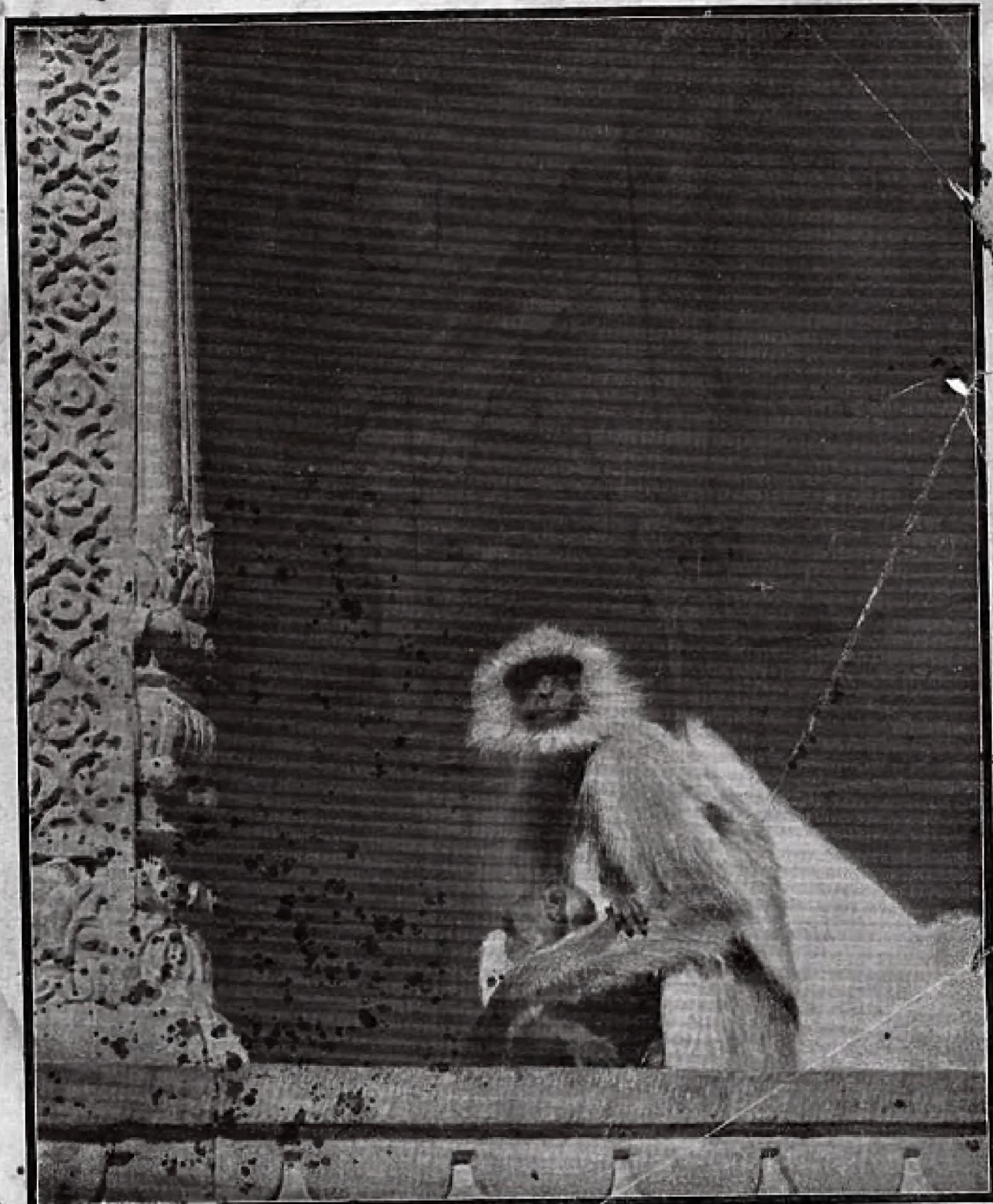
Picture Story



One day Dass and Vass went on an excursion to an old fort with their teacher and the rest of the boys. The teacher told the boys that if anyone dug in that area they could still come across silver and gold coins of old.

Next day Dass and Vass took a crow-bar and a spade. Accompanied by "Tiger" they went to the old fort. They dug and dug but found not a single coin. In the end they dug up a bone which pleased "Tiger" mightily.

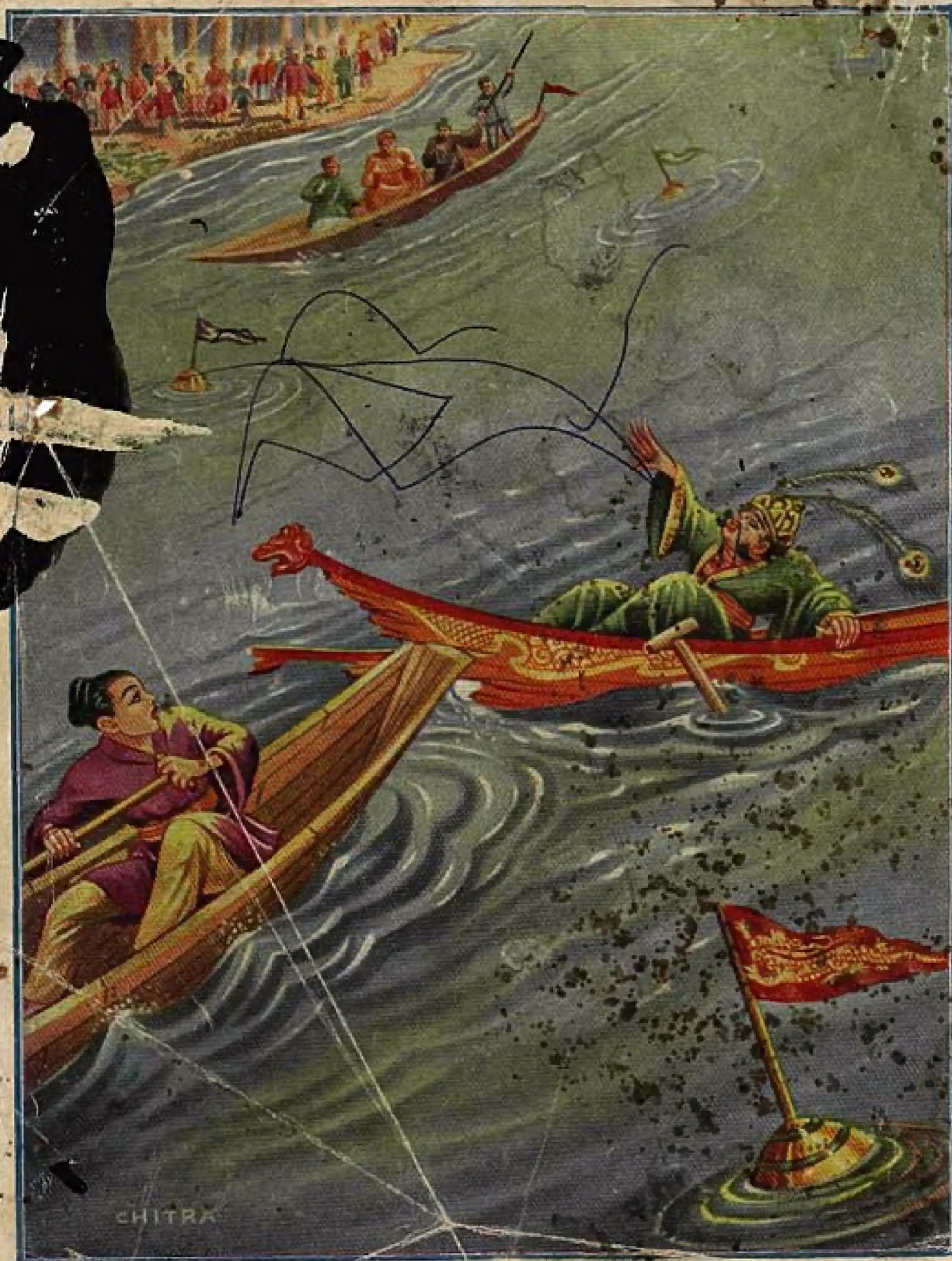




Winning
Caption

"FEAR, NO TRICK"

Contributed by
Miss Kamini Shastri, Bombay



CHITRA